

# CHARIVARIA.

AN Ohio newspaper offered a prize for "The Perfect Husband," and he has been found at last. We are not surprised to hear that he is a millionaire.

Statistics compiled by the Municipal Council show that most widows in Paris take a second husband within eighteen months of the death of the first. Some wives, it is said, even get engaged again soon after their first marriage, subject to the life interest of their first husband.

With reference to Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL's proposal for a number of local parliaments for England, it should not be forgotten that the experiment of running a Hackney Empire and a Shepherd's Bush Empire has already been tried with, we believe, considerable success.

Hundreds of excursionists and others watched a battle between Federal troops and revolutionists in Northern Mexico the other day. It is said to have been a capital entertainment, and the spectators could scarcely have been surprised when some of the combatants thought it right to make a small charge.

At a time when, owing to a warning by the police, fortune-tellers in London were somewhat depressed, it must have been some little consolation to them to read that Crystal Gazer won the Wellesbourne Nursery Handicap at Warwick.

Inmates of the new prison home for habitual offenders at Camp Hill, Isle of Wight, are now supplied with smart uniforms, and are allowed to read magazines and newspapers, and to smoke. Look out shortly for a useful handbook entitled, "How to become an habitual offender."

## "LOST BABY COMMITTEE."

*The Daily Mail.*

That is the worst of these committees of tender years: they get mislaid so easily.

A vegetarian conservatoire of music is about to be established at Munich by a tenor, who declares that a vegetarian

diet furnishes in the most adaptable form the power of endurance required by an operatic singer. A notice in the theatre will no doubt run:—"If you must throw anything at the artistes, please let it be carrots."

The spread of the love of luxury seems to be affecting everyone and everything. This year many of our

# ANOTHER CONTROVERSY.

[It has recently been debated at great length whether the origin of Life is to be found in a primitive substance called Chromatin or in one called Cytoplasm.]

Oh, oft with me you've had it out,  
Thomas, in many a deadly bout,  
Crossed swords at many a juncture;  
Pinked me, it may be, with the point  
Right through my dialectic  
joint,  
Or felt in turn the puncture.

You've fought for Warwick  
—I for Kent;  
You've sworn by Swanage—  
I have lent  
My weight to Tobermory;  
I (that a duel might occur)  
Have been a Little Eng-  
lander—  
You, quite the Little Tory.

We've had it out on Art v. Life,  
On Rose v. Rachel (as a wife),  
On Cook opposed to PEARY;  
We've argued Commons  
versus Peers,  
Varsity v. the Temple beers,  
KHAYYAM v. PETER KEARY.

On Increments and Censor-  
ship  
(Subjects of which we have  
no grip  
Afford the keenest fighting)  
We've said our most excited  
say,  
And argued half a summer's  
day  
MORRISON versus WHITE-  
ING.

Any old controversial thing  
Has done for us to have our  
fling—  
Baconian—Erasmist;  
So now, on guard with supple  
wrist—  
You as a strong Chromatinist,  
I as a Cytoplasmist.

"So great is the rush that a wait of an hour at the first tee is no uncommon thing as early as ten o'clock in the morning, and when the course really begins to fill, a half-hour wait at every subsequent tee is almost a rule."—*Standard.*

So allowing two hours for the actual play, a round would take 11½ hours. We hope the caddie gets his full 1d. an hour.

"Golf has taken a firm root on the Gold Coast, a course having been laid out by the boy King of Uganda at Kampala."—*News of the World.*

Meanwhile it is reported that the Emperor MENELIK is popularising hockey in Madagascar.



AN INNOCENT ACCOMPLICE.

Man of High Principles. "AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF EARNING YOUR LIVING BY ADVERTISING HUMBUG OF THAT SORT? FORTUNE-TELLING—THAT'S WHAT IT IS!"

Victim. "FORTUNE-TELLING"? 'OW WAS I TER KNOW? I THOUGHT IT WUZ SOME KIND O' SOAP!"

birds have left for the South much earlier than usual.

The world of dress. We learn that "slanting bonnets" are to be a feature of the newest motor-cars.

"The new harbour at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, which has been inaugurated recently at the eastern end of the town, covers a total area of 4,500,000 square miles, of which 340,000 square miles are covered by water."

*Liverpool Journal of Commerce.*

The western end has to be content with a small park of only 2,000,000 square miles.

## CAMBRIDGE IN KHARKI.

*(Impressions of an absent alumnus.)*

SINCE 1642, when CROMWELL (late  
Of Sidney Sussex), constitution-wrecker,  
Sat on the Cam to keep the college plate  
From drifting into CHARLES's low exchequer,  
No shattering battle-blast has shocked the walls  
Of these enchanted halls.

But now their hoary shrines and hallowed shade  
Provide the billets for a camp's headquarters;  
An army, bedded out on King's Parade,  
Usurps the wonted haunt of gowns and mortars,  
Even adopts—a wanton thing to do—  
The blessed name of "Blue"!

The paths where pensive scholars paced at ease  
Ring to the hustling clank of spurs and sabres;  
The ploughshare, forged for pale examinees,  
Forgets its usual academic labours  
And, commandeered for ends unknown before,  
Turns to a tool of war.

The buttery becomes a mere canteen;  
Upon the dais whence the Johnian fellow  
Pities the undergraduate's rude cuisine  
(His own condition verging on the mellow),  
Foreign attachés eat the local swans  
Bred for the use of dons.

I see the grass of many an ancient court  
All divots where the cavalry has pawed it;  
I see the thirsty aides-de-camp resort  
Where where the Trinity fountain runs with audit;  
I see the Reverend MONTAGU, Chief BUTLER,  
Acting as army sutler!

Those swords that grace his own familiar quad,  
Where only angels (looking in from Ely),  
Angels and dons alone, till now have trod—  
There I remark the War-Lord, Colonel SEELY,  
Brazenly tramping, under martial law,  
Dead to a sense of awe.

Where mid her storied reeds old Granta flows  
Profane vedettes discuss the morrow's mêlée;  
On Parker's sacred Piece the troopers dose,  
And, when the sudden bugle sounds reveille,  
Feed their indifferent chargers on the dew  
Ambrosial of the Muse.

And what is this strange object like a whale  
In Jesus Close? None ever thought to meet a  
Monster like that, on such a bulgy scale  
(Not though it bore the classic sign of "Beta"),  
Lashed for the night in yon Elysian lair—  
Not there, my child, not there.

The peaceful pedant by his well-trimmed lamp,  
Dimly aware of this adjacent bogie,  
Protests against the horrors of a camp  
And *Cur*, he asks, *cur cedunt armis togæ*?  
And the same thought is echoed on the lips  
Of bedders and of gyps.

O Cambridge, home of Culture's pure delights,  
My fostering Mother, what a desecration!  
Yet England chose you (out of several sites)  
To be her bulwark and to save the nation;  
Compared with this proud triumph you have won,  
Pray, what has Oxford done? O. S.

## HOW TO BRIGHTEN FOOTBALL.

WITH the opening of the Football season those restless and enterprising spirits who have been agitating for extensive reforms in connection with first-class cricket are turning their attention to the winter game. Present-day Association football, they maintain, does not fully satisfy the modern passion for exciting spectacle, and its extraordinary popularity will quickly wane unless changes are introduced in time. Selections from the large correspondence on the subject received by *Mr. Punch* are given below:—

"... Something must be done quickly if soccer is to retain its hold upon the popular imagination. At one of the First League matches last Saturday afternoon *only* 31264 paid for admission—a decrease of no less than 2 per cent. on the numbers present at the corresponding game last year! These are eloquent figures.

I suggest that *three balls* should be employed simultaneously, coloured respectively red, white and blue. This simple expedient would enormously enhance the spectacular value of the sport. Of course three Referees and six Linesmen would be engaged. . . ."

"... What is wrong with football? Simply that not enough goals are scored. The width between the goal-posts should be doubled, or, better still, trebled. With fifteen players a side, five of whom must be goalkeepers (to prevent goals becoming really monotonous), I venture to assert, Sir, that the popularity of the game would go up by leaps and bounds. . . ."

"... Football must be progressive or it will inevitably decline. I make three suggestions—

1.—Abolish the present method of remunerating players by a regular wage, and substitute a system by which payments are made *to the winning side only*.

2.—Do away with most of the present ludicrous restrictions regarding fouls.

3.—Permit fresh players to be substituted at any time for those injured. . . ."

"... Let every player be compelled to wear 4-oz. boxing gloves and be allowed to employ them while the match is in progress under the usual regulations applying to pugilistic contests, and we should hear no more of the decline of football. . . ."

"... We must revive something of the old gladiatorial spirit. When a man is bowled over, let the spectators turn their thumbs up or down as their sympathies direct. If the verdict is against the fallen one, let the victor jump on his face for a while. This would delight the crowd without hurting anyone, since footballers would be trained to stand this kind of thing. . . ."

"... There are not wanting signs that football is already beginning to lose its grip. A friend of mine who has followed the game closely for twelve years absented himself from an important match a week ago *in order to attend a Church Bazaar*! Why not substitute for the present leather ball a stout empty tin can? The game would then become more thrilling, more noisy and more dangerous, and therefore more attractive to the general public. . . ."

"The eminent prima donna will be accompanied by M. Ysaÿe, violinist; and Herr Backhaus, the popular violinist."

*Liverpool Daily Post.*

A nasty knock for one of them, we can't be sure which.

"Objection was raised to a lodger's vote on the ground that he was a Polish Jew."—*Eastern Morning News.*

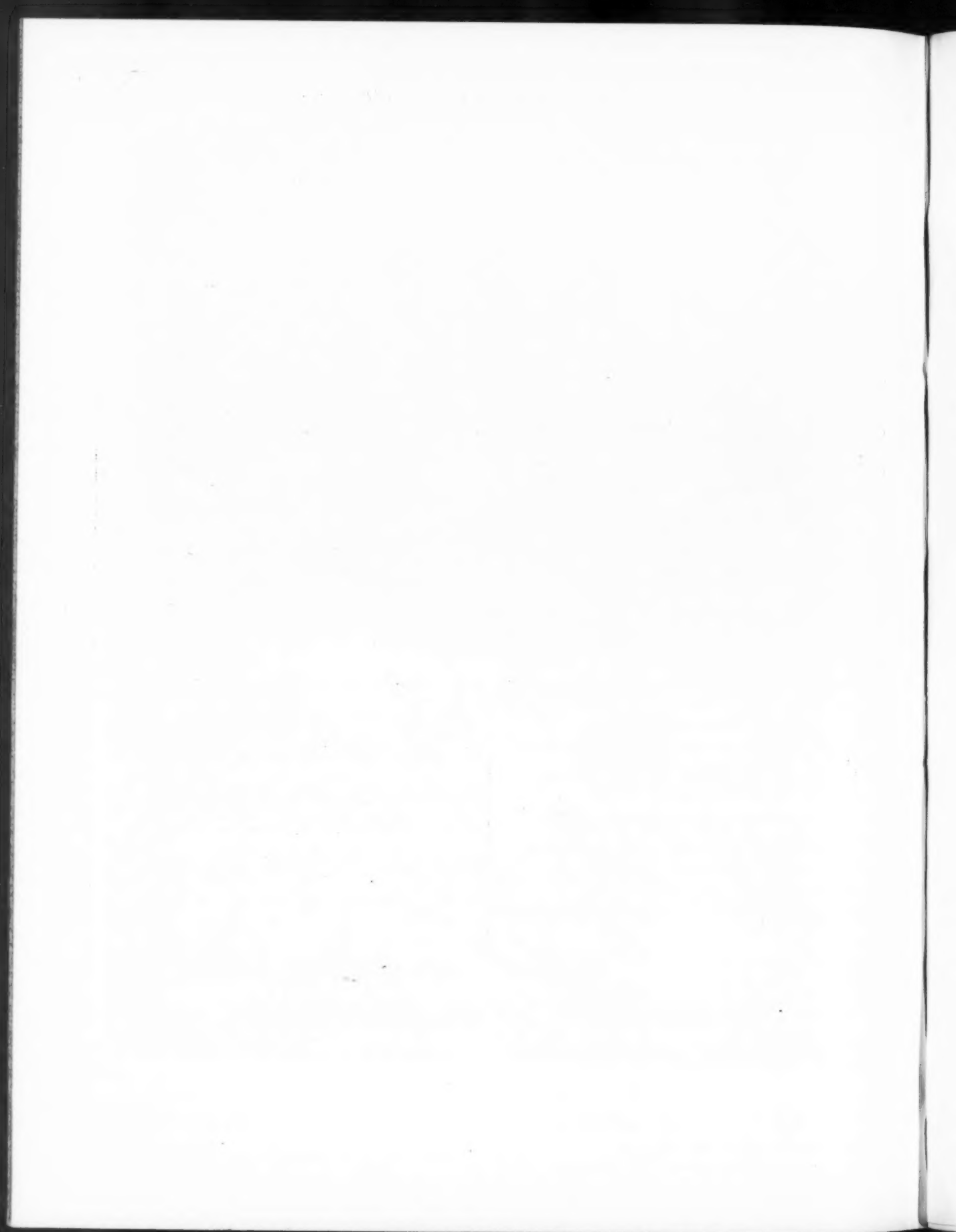
"Mislike me not for my complexion," he pleaded, and went out to give an order for pink pills.



### ULSTER WILL WRITE.

GENERAL CARSON. "THE PEN (FOR THE MOMENT) IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD.  
UP, NIBS, AND AT 'EM!"

[On the 28th the Covenant of resistance to Home Rule will be signed by Ulster Loyalists.]







*Policeman (to half-smothered little burglar). "ANYTHINK AS YOU SEZ, MY MAN, 'LL BE TOOK DOWN IN EVIDENCE AGAINST YER!"*

### THE NIGHTMARE CAR.

I HAD looked through the whole of the dealer's machines,  
And not one of the lot suited me or my means.  
There were some too expensive and others too small,  
And not one that I fancied the looks of at all.

Then the dealer looked glum, but he 'phoned to the works :—  
"Send along the new model we built for the Turks.  
She's a blend"—he addressed me—"of fury and flame,  
And I honestly can't recommend her as tame.

But for those who like pace, half a minute a mile,  
With all fittings complete in the height of good style;  
For a man who wants comfort combined with good fun  
And the acme of safety, this car is the one.

When the road is all clear she will go like the wind;  
There is nothing—no, nothing—she can't leave behind.  
But she scents a police-trap, and when it occurs  
There's no crawl in the world half as crafty as hers.

She was left on our hands when the Turks came to blows,  
And we really must sell her to someone who knows.  
She'd be cheap at three thousand, but, since it's for you,  
We will take off a thousand and sell her for two."

Then the car tooted round, and she purred at the door  
With a charm I had never heard equalled before.  
She was crusted with jewels and plastered with gold,  
And I pulled out my cheque-book and so she was sold.

I was up in a moment, and then she began  
Her parade through the streets by upsetting a van,  
And increased her attractions by going like grease  
Through a squad, whom she flattened, of City Polica.

So we left the crushed ruins of houses and men,  
Rattled slap through a country all ditches and fen;  
Took a turn on the uplands and then, making good  
All the pace we had lost, we plunged into a wood.

We were right in the thick of the branches and trunks,  
And the bark flew in strips and the timber in chunks;  
And the rooks in their nests couldn't utter a sound  
Ere they found themselves scattered and dumb on the ground.

Next, leaving our tool-box and tyres in the lurch,  
We abandoned the wood and made straight for a church;  
Cleared the Rector's snug house like a thing made of fire,  
And went on in mid-air having chipped off the spire.

Then we tunnelled a mountain and, still flying free,  
Hurtled hard off a cliff and skimmed over the sea,  
Till at last full of ardour we finished our spin  
Through the roof of a palace in sandy Berlin.

But a man whose moustaches stuck up like a spear,  
Said, "*Potztausend, Herr Störer, was machen Sie hier?*"  
"*Majestät,*" I replied, and uncovered my head—  
But the shock was too great, and I woke up in bed.

R. C. L.

### THE SILLY SEASON IN POLITICS.

MINISTERS are nothing if not imitative, and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL's exhilarating excursion into the domain of constitutional reconstruction has already provoked spirited competition on the part of his colleagues. We append a brief report of the latest of these efforts, with the comments of *The Daily Times* and *The Westminster Gazette*:—

Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON, speaking at Poplar last Friday, devoted the earlier part of his speech to the Home Rule Bill and the noble persistence of Mr. ASQUITH in securing justice for Ireland. It was, he said, largely the work of one man—a man of superb brain, dauntless courage, great classical attainments and wonderful equanimity in the bunker-play of politics. But the work of Imperial reconciliation could not be achieved without improving our communications—notably by submarine tunnels. He was convinced that the stability of the Empire would never be secured until we had not only a Channel tunnel, but a tunnel from Holyhead to Kingstown, from Fishguard to Rosslare, from Galway to Halifax, from Vancouver to Hong Kong, from Colombo to the Cape, and from Bombay to Sydney. (A voice: "Good old SYDNEY" and laughter.) Mr.

BUXTON then dealt at length with the humanizing influence of tunnels, the charm of their "dim religious light," the relief which they afforded to the congestion of sea traffic, and their extraordinary popularity with persons who suffer from *mal de mer*.

Mr. BUXTON observed in conclusion that he was only speaking for himself, and that he did not commit any of his colleagues, some of whom were excellent sailors. But he could not refrain from broaching a suggestion which he was firmly convinced was the only true solution of the most pressing problems of the hour.

*The Daily Times*, in a sympathetic leading article, while admitting that Mr. BUXTON's scheme may present some difficulties, welcomes the tone and temper of his speech. No one can fail to be touched, it observes, by his loyalty to his chief or by the graceful reference to his fortitude as a golfer. Perhaps

tunnels may prove the true solution of the Irish question. In any case Tubular Federalism is not outside the range of practical politics.

*The Westminster Gazette* remarks that nothing could be better than the stimulating and suggestive speech delivered by Mr. BUXTON to his constituents. We confess, continues *The Westminster*, that we find it rather startling to conceive of the linking up of our dominions by this gigantic system of trans-oceanic tunnels. But as President of the Board of Trade, Mr. BUXTON must have counted the cost, and, dismissing financial considerations, we are fully convinced that we rely too much on sea traffic. It is of the first importance that the difficulties should be probed,

were worth. But he was firmly persuaded that in this way alone they would be able to stave off for ever the nightmare of universal conscription.

*The Daily Times*, commenting on Lord HALDANE's speech, congratulates him on his generous attitude to Colonel SEELY. Such incidents, it remarks, redeem the squalor of politics and appeal to the nobler instincts of humanity. The idea of village universities is altogether charming, though perhaps some time must elapse before a Professor at Little Peddington can hope to attain the prestige attaching to a Fellowship at All Souls.

*The Westminster Gazette* cannot find words to express its delight at the epoch-making suggestion of Lord

HALDANE, or his masterly discretion in refraining from committing his colleagues. Yet the scheme, *The Westminster* owns, inspires some misgivings as to its feasibility. Lord HALDANE speaks of farmers as professors and labourers as lecturers. But who are left to be the undergraduates? This difficulty, however, might be easily overcome by importing them from the towns, from the older universities, or from the congested districts of Ireland. The question of endowment may be safely left to the resourcefulness of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. There remains the thorny question of University representation. But these are

mere details. The great thing is the focussing of public attention on the problem of the diffusion of culture among the masses.

Lord CREWE was the principal guest at the annual dinner of the Hammer-smith Anglo-Indian Art Club on Thursday last and delivered a remarkable speech. Dwelling at the outset on administrative art, Lord CREWE said that it had been redeemed in this country from its damaging associations by the exertions of one man—a man of unparalleled dignity, urbanity and assiduity. Mr. HARCOURT, he went on, was the ideal representative of the picturesque mind in the picturesque body, and he adorned the Colonial Office no less than the Board of Works. Turning to the question of the continuance of the peerage, Lord CREWE observed that the Liberals had been criticised for a too lavish distribution of honours. He could not agree, for every



First Young Lady (looking out of window). "LOOK, THERE'S A PHEASANT!"  
Second Young Lady. "SILLY! IT CAN'T BE; THEY DON'T BEGIN TILL OCTOBER."

and the public mind directed to the problem of Tubular Federation.

Lord HALDANE, addressing a great Liberal meeting at Galashiels on Saturday, paid a glowing tribute to the energy and ability of his successor. Colonel SEELY, he declared, resembled JULIUS CÆSAR not only in his profile but in his military genius. Turning to the question of national efficiency, Lord HALDANE insisted on the urgent need of indefinitely multiplying universities. There should be a university not only in every city, but in every town and every village. He would like to see every farmer a professor, every labourer a lecturer, every curate a vice-chancellor. Then only would they organise education on the true basis of the elastic solidarity of humanity, instead of the fissiparous foundation of caste. (Cheers.) He did not speak for his colleagues; he merely threw out these suggestions for what they

true Liberal deserved a dukedom. But he admitted that in the choice of titles the newly-created peers often showed a singular lack of judgment. The bicameral system, of which he was a convinced adherent, was seriously damaged by the emergence of a Lord Bootle, a Viscount Chowbent, or a Marquis of Weston-super-Mare. His experience of India had convinced him of the need of enlivening the monotony of noble nomenclature by the acclimatisation of Indian titles. In short, *il faut Orientaliser la noblesse*. He believed that a Begum of Bristol, a Nizam of Norwich or a Maharajah of Melton Mowbray would not only add to the picturesqueness of life but help to perpetuate the hereditary principle. He had not consulted his colleagues, he made the suggestion entirely off his own bat, but he was persuaded that unless it was promptly carried into effect the *Triple Entente* was doomed.

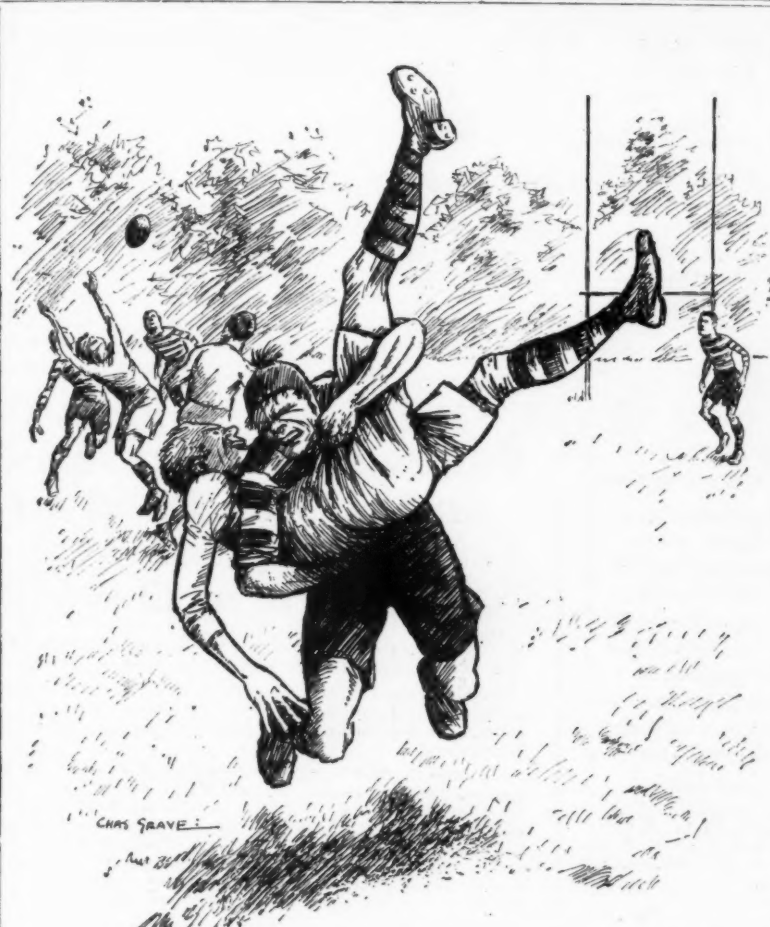
*The Daily Times*, in its third leader on "The Ethics of Eulogy," warmly commends Lord CREWE for his panegyric of Mr. HARCOURT. The sphere of art, remarks our contemporary, is happily still uninvaded by politics, and, viewed from an æsthetic standpoint, Mr. HARCOURT is a great national asset. Coming from so well-groomed a statesman as Lord CREWE, the tribute is a fine instance of *laudari a laudato*. . . . The importation of Indian titles advocated by Lord CREWE shows imagination, enterprise, and a love of colour—qualities which make for vitality. The debt we owe to Lord CREWE is akin to that we owe to the Russian Ballet—to all, in a word, who embroider life.

*The Westminster Gazette* observes that the zeal and industry shown by Lord CREWE at the India Office have not in any way weakened his grip on politics as a whole. His illuminating suggestion for the revision of titles will be enthusiastically welcomed by all good Radicals, and may prove a most effectual means of conciliating the discontent of extremists. The question of precedence no doubt presents difficulties, but they are not insuperable. We can never forget that Lord CREWE is a poet and the son of a poet.

#### A DEAD-ALIVE LETTER.

THERE is a fear upon my night,  
A doubt upon my day;  
Oh, pity my disastrous plight—  
A letter I was ass enough to write  
Has gone astray.

To whom I sent it you, no doubt,  
Would give a deal to learn;  
A boon you'll have to go without—  
And, as to what the letter was about,  
It's my concern.



Tackled Three-quarter. "I HAVEN'T GOT THE BEASTLY BALL, SIR!"  
Forward (seeing red). "BUT YOU HAD IT."

But it has flown on wandering wings  
I know not where, or how;  
This is the sort of shock that brings  
One tip against the mystery of things—  
Who's got it now?

To whom, for a mistaken spree,  
Has fate delivered it?  
I only trust it may not be  
Some inexperienced maiden-lady—she  
Might have a fit.

Not that that erring script of mine  
Contained one moral blot;  
I merely state that every line  
Thrilled with a fire that poets call  
divine,  
And others, not.

No—if I had the power to choose,  
I should at once suggest  
A bachelor of tolerant views,  
A man whom such a trifle might  
amuse—  
One of the best,

Who, with a true and loyal grace,  
Would gather my desire  
From his own wish in such a case,  
And give the thing a fitting resting-  
place

In a good fire.

Ah, me, the weary hours I've spent  
Regretting what is gone!  
You little know what this event  
Has done for me; how keenly I repent  
These goings-on.

O friends, be warned by one who's  
erred  
And shun the social crime  
Of writing one incautious word,  
Unless you have your letter registered—  
I will, next time.

DUM-DUM.

"She was attended by three bridesmaids  
... who had wreaths of oranges in their  
hair."—*Barnet Press*.

We prefer something on a grander  
scale—say, a wreath of melons.



## OLD FRIENDS.

"It was very nice of you to invite me to give you lunch," I said, "and if only the waiter would bring the toast I should be perfectly happy. I can't say more."

"Why not?" said Miss Middleton, looking up. "Oh, I see."

"And now," I said, when I had finished my business with a sardine, "tell me all about it. I know something serious must have brought you up to London. What is it? Have you run away from home?"

Miss Middleton nodded. "Sir Henery," she added dramatically, "waits for me in his yacht at Dover. My parents would not hear of the marriage, and immured me in the spare room. They tried to turn me against my love, and told wicked stories about him, vowing that he smoked five non-throat cigarettes in a day. Er—would you pass the pepper, please?"

"Go on," I begged. "Never mind the pepper."

"But of course I really came to see you," said Miss Middleton briskly. "I want you to do something for me."

"I knew it."

"Oh, do say you'd love to."

I drained my glass and felt very brave.

"I'd love to," I said doubtfully.

"At least, if I were sure that—" I lowered my voice: "Look here—have I got to write to anybody?"

"No," said Miss Middleton.

"Let me know the worst. Have I—er—have I got to give advice to anybody?"

"No."

There was one other point that had to be settled. I leant across the table anxiously.

"Have I got to ring anybody up on the telephone?" I asked in a hoarse whisper.

"Oh, nothing like that at all," said Miss Middleton.

"Dash it," I cried, "then of course I'll do anything for you. What is it? Somebody you want killed? I could kill a mayor to-day."

Miss Middleton was silent for a moment while allowing herself to be helped to fish. When the waiters had moved away, "We are having a jumble sale," she announced.

I shook my head at her.

"Your life," I said, "is one constant round of gaiety."

"And I thought as I was coming to London I'd mention it to you. Because you're always saying you don't know what to do with your old things."

"I'm not *always* saying it. I may have mentioned it once or twice when the conversation was flagging."

"Well, mention it now, and then I'll mention my jumble sale."

I thought it over for a moment.

"It will mean brown paper and string," I said hopelessly, "and I don't know where to get them."

"I'll buy some after lunch for you. You shall hold my hand while I buy it."

"And then I should have to post it, and I'm rotten at posting things."

"But you needn't post it, because you can meet me at the station with it, and I'll take it home."

"I don't think it's quite etiquette for a young girl to travel alone with a big brown-paper parcel. What would Mrs. Middleton say if she knew?"

"Mother?" cried Miss Middleton. "But, of course, it's her idea. You *didn't* think it was mine?" she said reproachfully.

"The shock of it unnerved me for a moment. Of course I see now that it is Mrs. Middleton's jumble sale entirely." I sighed and helped myself to salt. "How do I begin?"

"You drive me to my dressmaker and leave me there and go on to your rooms. And then you collect a few really old things that you don't want and tie them up and meet me at the 4.40. I'm afraid," she said frankly, "it is a rotten way of spending an afternoon; but I promised mother."

My parcel and I arrived promptly to time. Miss Middleton didn't.

"Don't say I've caught the wrong train," she said breathlessly, when at last she appeared. "It does go at 4.40, doesn't it?"

"It does," I said, "and it did."

"Then my watch must be slow."

"Send it to the jumble sale," I advised. "Look here—we've a long time to wait for the next train; let's undress my parcel in the waiting-room, and I'll point out the things that really want watching. Some are absolutely unique."

It was an odd collection of very dear friends, Miss Middleton's final reminder having been that *nothing* was too old for a jumble sale.

"*Lot One*," I said. "A photograph of my house cricket eleven, framed in oak. Very interesting. The lad on the extreme right is now a clergyman."

"Oh, which is you?" said Miss Middleton eagerly.

I was too much wrapped up in my parcel to answer. "*Lot Two*," I went on, "A pink-and-white football shirt; would work up into a dressy blouse for adult, or a smart overcoat for child. *Lot Three*. A knitted waistcoat; could be used as bath-mat. *Lot Four*. Pair of bedroom slippers in holes. This bit is the slipper; the rest is the hole. *Lot Five*. Now this is something really

good. *Truthful Jane*—my first prize at my Kindergarten."

"Mother is in luck. It's just the sort of things she wants," said Miss Middleton.

"Her taste is excellent. *Lot Six*. A pair of old grey flannel trousers. *Lot Seven*. *Lot Seven* forward. Where are you?" I began to go through the things again. "Er—I'm afraid *Lot Seven* has already gone."

"What about *Lot Eight*?"

"There doesn't seem to be a *Lot Eight* either. It's very funny; I'm sure I started with more than this. Some of the things must have eaten each other."

"Oh, but this is *heaps*. Can you really spare them all?"

"I should feel honoured if Mrs. Middleton would accept them," I said with a bow. "Don't forget to tell her that in the photograph the lad on the extreme right—" I picked up the photograph and examined it more carefully. "I say, I look rather jolly, don't you think? I wonder if I have another copy of this anywhere." I gazed at it wistfully. "That was my first year for the house, you know."

"Don't give it away," said Miss Middleton suddenly. "Keep it."

"Shall I? I don't want to deprive—Well, I think I will if you don't mind." My eyes wandered to the shirt. "I've had some fun in *that* in my time," I said thoughtfully. "The first time I wore it—"

"You really *oughtn't* to give away your old colours, you know."

"Oh, but if Mrs. Middleton," I began doubtfully—"at least, don't you—what?—oh, all right, perhaps I won't." I put the shirt on one side with the photograph, and picked up the dear old comfy bedroom slippers. I considered them for a minute and then I sighed deeply. As I looked up I caught Miss Middleton's eye. . . . I think she had been smiling.

"About the slippers," she said gravely.

"Good-bye," I said to Miss Middleton. "It's been jolly to see you." I grasped my parcel firmly as the train began to move. "I'm always glad to help Mrs. Middleton, and if ever I can do so again be sure to let me know."

"I will," said Miss Middleton.

The train went out of the station, and my parcel and I looked about for a cab. A. A. M.

"Earl of Ranfurly has left Kingstown for Autumn Fashions.—New Millinery. New Blouses. New Raincoats. New Robes. New Model Corsets and Fancy Hosiery."—*Dublin Evening Mail*.

His return to Kingstown should be a splendid affair.



## IN THE DEPTHS.

A WEEK or so ago NORDICA was exasperating her less fortunate sisters by withholding from an interviewer the name of the fluid which, poured into her bath, has the double effect of invigorating her system and reducing her weight. But the Divine SARAH, the only BERNHARDT (whose motto, it was once said, was grace before meat), has no such niggardly ways. SARAH tells all. To an interviewer of *The P. M. G.* she has divulged the secret of that youth which is still so buoyant and effervescent at sixty-eight—and in a word it is shrimps or, in the language of SARAH's own country, *crevettes*. Think of it—the humblest denizen of the deep thus selected for the privilege of keeping this wonderful lady ever young! No wonder shrimps are a little above themselves.

News travels fast in these days of scientific ingenuity, and already a mass meeting of indignation has been held in one of the ocean's most commodious grottos.

The chair was taken by a venerable oyster, who had visited SARAH's friend, CLARKSON, for the occasion, and was wearing a very handsome new beard. He was selected to preside, he said, because oysters were notoriously the chief piscine stimulant. (Question.) Very well, then, why was Colonel ROOSEVELT so powerful and magnetic? Because he came from Oyster Bay. (Laughter and cheers.) But now that the news had gone forth to the world that a shrimp diet was the vivifying medium of the greatest tragédienne, where would oysters be? The thing was a scandal. (Hear, hear.)

Followed a prawn, who darkly suggested foul play. What he wanted to know was, What did SARAH really eat? Because, of course, she had put forward the shrimp merely as a blind. (Sensation.) He also wanted to know what was the nature of the hold which the shrimp evidently had on that weak, confiding woman. (Renewed sensation.) If a shrimp contained the elements of vitality, which was possible, how much more must a prawn contain them, which was certain. For prawns were the perfected article, of which shrimps were merely the 'prentice work, the bald scenario, to borrow a phrase from SARAH's vocabulary. (Loud cheers.)

A lobster succeeded. It was ridiculous, he said, for either the oyster or the prawn to be so proud. The oyster was a mere gulp; the prawn a minute particle of a meal; but he, the lobster, was a meal in himself. He nourished. No one seeing him there, at that intelligent gathering—(Hear, hear)—all



"ISN'T HE JUST RIPPIN'? HAVE YOU HEARD HIM BEFORE?"

"YES, I HEARD HIM LAST YEAR; BUT HE'S QUITE CHANGED NOW; HE'S HAD HIS HAIR CUT."

black and active, could have any notion how irresistibly attractive he looked, quiescent and appetising, in panoply of alluring scarlet on the table. (Shudders.) When he first heard the news about the shrimp he laughed. He couldn't help it; he laughed. (Applause.)

After an impassioned eulogy of himself by the sole, who claimed in his capacity of the *poulet* of the sea to be the most constant and trustworthy friend and invigorator of ailing man, the shrimp was called upon to explain and apologise. He pleaded not guilty. It was not his fault, he urged, that the great lady had chosen him as her elixir vitæ. He personally cared nothing about the possession of such properties. He knew he was tasty, but he had no notion that he was sovran against Time's ravages. He had not yet got over the discovery; he was still all upset. After so long and,

he trusted, so honourable a career as a concomitant of trippers' teas, it was a startling experience to find oneself a rejuvenator of genius. He was, of course, sorry that any deed of his, however unconscious, should put the noses of his august relatives out of joint; but he declined to bear any responsibility. It was not he that should be arraigned, but SARAH; and SARAH had, he believed, never yet played *Undine*, and therefore probably could not manage to keep any submarine appointment for more than a few seconds. (Dissatisfaction.)

The sense of the meeting being taken, it was found that the shrimp was a creature too contemptible for serious consideration, and that great French actresses, whatever other merits they may chance to possess, are no judges of fish.



Tyro (who has just missed a sitter). "EXTRAORDINARY! WOULD'N'T HAVE BELIEVED SUCH A THING POSSIBLE."  
Old Stalker. "WELL, WELL, A STAG'S A VARRA QUEEB BEASTIE; THERE'S A DEAL O' ROOM ROUNDO ABOUT A STAG."

### LINER LYRICS.

#### V.—THE SURGEON.

["Should the need arise, it is the duty of the surgeon to stand by the passengers."—*Liner Regulations.*]

FRESH from the wards of Bart.'s or  
Guy's,  
A uniform that matched your eyes  
And azure socks on,  
You looked absurdly young to be  
M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.  
And M.B. (Oxon.)

And we who ailed from *mal-de-mer*  
Would strive to strike a jaunty air  
And smile defiance  
On one who searched with youthful zest  
For any ill on which to test  
His new-learn'd science.

So, while your log-book scarcely named  
Our paltry woes, another claimed  
A larger section,  
A damsel, slightly overstrung,  
Whose malady was either lung  
Or heart affection.

Maybe the ailment was not such  
As might have brought you into touch  
With fame; perchance it

Was not the sort of case that needs  
A page or so in doctors' screeds,  
E.g., *The Lancet*.

Yet every day—a trumpet press'd  
About the purlicus of her chest—  
Would find you gleaning  
The secret of a maid's decline  
And give a phrase like 99  
A deeper meaning.

And, since you found among the  
crew  
No case of sleeping sickness, sprue  
Or plague (bubonic),  
You had the livelong day to twist  
Your fingers round a throbbing wrist  
Or give her tonic.

And, as I watch the eager face  
With which you choose a pillow's  
place,  
A rug's position,  
Or hear amid my doze the sound  
Of whisper'd talk, I know she's  
found  
The right physician.

There may be passengers who hate  
Your jocund ways, and roundly rate  
Your berth-side manner,

Who call it flirting and deride  
The hours you dally at her side,  
The way you fan her;

But things are seldom what they  
seem,  
And I am quite prepared to deem  
The motive higher;  
A sailor first—your ocean school  
Demands obedience to a rule—  
You're "standing by" her.

J. M. S.

#### A Curious Hobby.

"It may interest the writer to learn that a porcupine made a most determined charge at a live goat over which I was once sitting as bait for a leopard."—*Letter in "Pioneer Mail."*

From "Apartments, Wanted" in  
*Liverpool Echo*:—

"Young gentleman; partial; bath small  
family."  
Not quite the gentleman.

"Bombardier Fletcher sang to his own  
accompaniment. The accompanist was Bom-  
bardier Fletcher."—*Guernsey Evening Press.*  
The question now comes: Who was  
the singer?

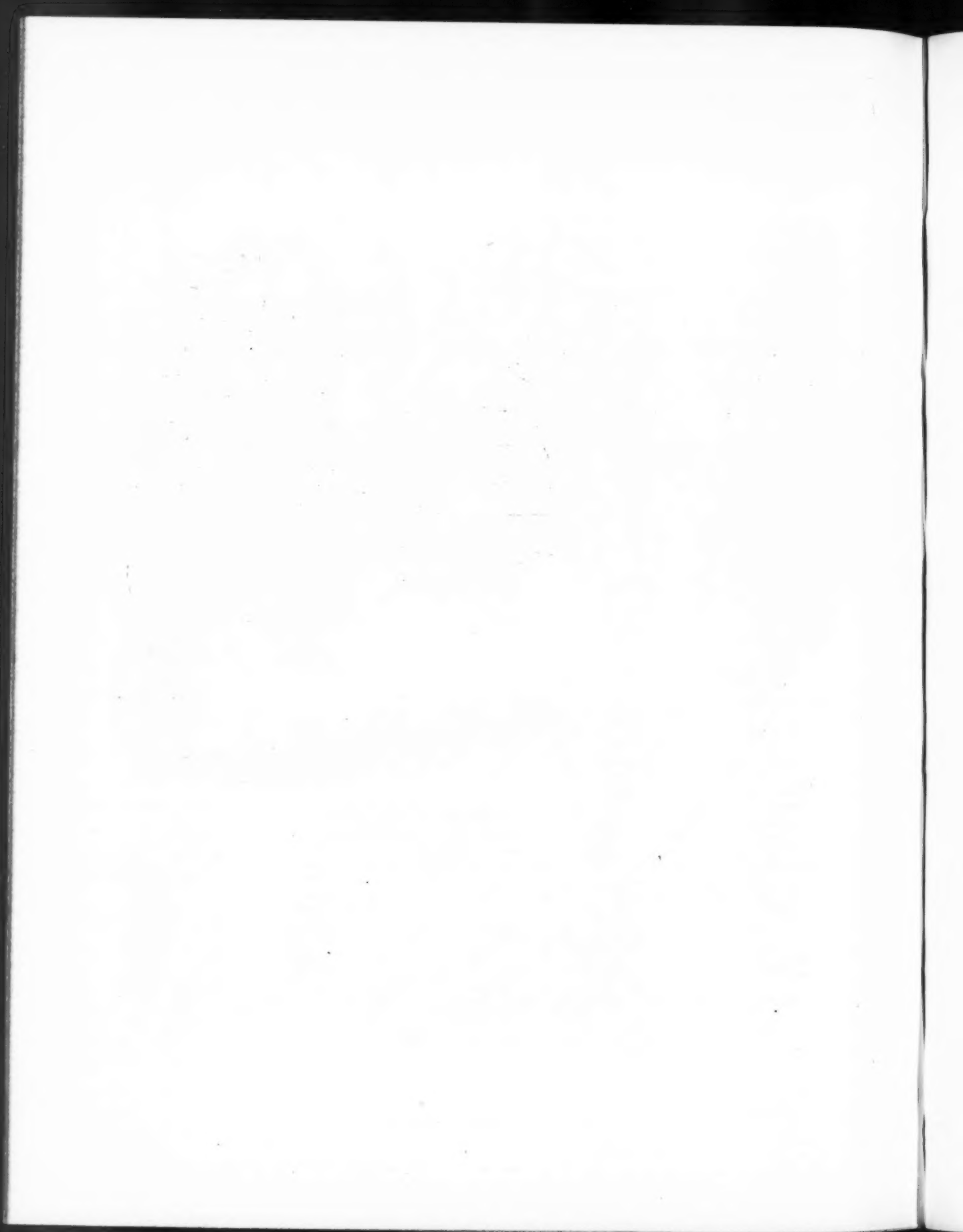


## A VENETIAN IDYLL;

OR, THE PREMIER'S HOLIDAY TASK.

[Mr. Asquith is at present enjoying a profitable vacation in Ven'ice.]





## A MORAL VICTORY.

(By our own By-Election Expositor.)  
DRUMPATOCK BURGHS ELECTION.

Col. Markham (U.) ... 6521  
Hon. James Hogg (L.) ... 3920  
Prov. Jones (Lab.) ... 1911  
Unionist majority over Liberal 2601  
(Liberal majority in 1910, 1234.)

The result of the Drumpatock Election—by no means unexpected—may at first sight appear to be a direct condemnation of the policy of the present Government. As such it will no doubt be accepted by the Opposition Press, where we may look for the usual outbreak of jubilation, as in the case of North-West Manchester and Midlothian. Let us say at once that the Tories are quite welcome to any satisfaction that they may find in a cursory and superficial examination of the figures. We make them a present of it. But to those who read between the lines, to those who peer beneath the surface, to those (like ourselves) whose business it is to explain away this astounding result—which was by no means unexpected—such an interpretation will appear wide of the mark. Let us make our meaning perfectly clear. Whatever these figures may signify, they do *not* signify any real increase in Conservative strength in the constituency or any appreciable turn-over of votes.

It is a simple matter to analyse the votes, but—it should be borne in mind—it takes an expert to analyse the *abstentions*, upon which so much depends. This is just where we come in. Only 79 per cent. of the electorate went to the poll. If we add the other 21 per cent. to the Liberal total (which, as we shall show, we have a perfect right to do) we have a pronounced victory for the combined forces of progress. Many emigrants—all Liberals—have left the district. Many Liberals were absent upon well-earned holidays. Also, the striking fact that the new Scottish register does not come into operation till November must not be overlooked. This has cut down the Liberal figures enormously and cannot possibly have affected the Unionist figures.

Turning now to the actual votes, the first cause of this deplorable defeat—which was, by the way, in spite of our optimistic leader of yesterday, by no means unexpected—was of course the regrettable split in the progressive forces. It will, no doubt, be pointed out by our opponents that the Liberal and Labour vote taken in conjunction still falls some seventeen hundred short of the Unionist vote. But we are not here concerned with mere arithmetic. The Opposition is welcome to arith-

metic. We make them a present of it. We are concerned rather with trends of opinion, with swings of the pendulum, with secret indications of which way the cat is going to jump. Not only was every vote given to Labour a vote filched from Liberalism. More than that. Col. Markham—we say it advisedly—had many supporters who would have voted Liberal, had there been no Labour man in the field. It is always so. We don't know why, but it is.

We do not wish to labour the question of the desperate attempts of the Unionists to bring in outvoters (as that argument has been rather over-worked of late), but we do say that what with wholesale misrepresentation, the anomalies of our electoral system and the scarcity of motor cars, one can

only be amazed at the meagre proportions of the Unionist majority—which, we may add, was by no means unexpected.

One more striking fact remains. The votes polled yesterday for Mr. Hogg were *within twenty-five of the total with which he won the seat in the by-election of 1882.*

As the defeated Candidate finely said in his speech after the declaration of the poll, "It is a shattering moral victory for the forces of progress. It is a message to the Government that the great masses of the People are behind them."

Suggested revision of title of a charming *morceau*, by one who has heard it for the ten-thousandth time: "In the Shudders."



The Amateur Villain (suffering from the stress of a first appearance in the Local Assembly Rooms). "A-HA! THEN DISGUISE IS NO FURTHER USELESS!"

## AN EXPERIMENT IN ENTENTE.

THE thing belongs to what I call the aftermath period of Grierson's holiday. As a rule, Grierson spends his summer vacations at Sheringham, playing golf. This year, however, a spirit of adventure drew him as far afield as Paris-Plage, a seaside resort situated (as is well known) upon the continent of Europe. That he occupied himself there precisely as he would have done at Sheringham has no bearing upon the issue. Grierson's holiday finished about a fortnight ago; and the aftermath began, naturally enough, afterwards.

The first outward manifestation of it appears to have been that, in sympathies and general outlook, Grierson suddenly became more French than you would suppose possible. Friends who returned on the same boat report that he expressed himself during the voyage as though apprehensive lest the vessel should overshoot our insignificant island altogether. English cooking was a subject that (he declared) made him shudder. His usual neatly-knotted tie gave place to floppy bows of a kind supposed erroneously to be Gallic; and for some days his attempts to reproduce a *chansonnette* heard in Boulogne occasioned considerable anxiety to his wife and family. Just about then it was suggested that a week-end in the country, with an intelligent but not too exciting friend, might be beneficial, which explains how Grierson and I came to find ourselves last Sunday in the depths of Warwickshire; and what happened.

"Talking of the French," said Grierson (he had been doing so during our whole walk, in spite of determined efforts to head him off), "one thing that must strike the intelligent observer is their kindly courtesy towards foreigners who try to make themselves understood. But do you think for a moment that the same is true on our side of the Channel?"

"I never think about it for a moment one way or the other."

"Suppose, for example, that we were two Frenchmen, entirely ignorant of the English language, who wanted now to ask our way to the next village. How do you imagine we should be received—say by these children?" He

pointed towards an approaching group of rustics.

"We should almost certainly be late for lunch," I said. I may mention that we were walking over to partake of that meal with the Traverses who live at Churchover Hall. But Grierson did not heed.

"Parbleu!" he exclaimed suddenly in some excitement. "But of course! these children give us the very material. The experiment shall be made at this moment. *Attendez!*"

Removing his soft hat and holding it in his hand, he advanced upon the foremost of the approaching group. "Pardon, mes amis," said Grierson, bowing elaborately, with the demeanour of a French character in mid-Victorian farce, "*voulez-vous bien nous diriger,*

cried Grierson, shrugging his shoulders and contorting himself like a lunatic. (Secretly I knew he was delighted at this proof of his contention.) "*Je suis Français, et j'ai perd—*"

"Monsieur!" said a quiet and exquisitely modulated voice, speaking in the purest accent of the Quai d'Orsai.

Perhaps I ought myself to have been more on the look-out and so have warned Grierson. As it was, the first intimation we had of the stranger's approach was when we spun round suddenly to confront a young man on horseback, who had reined up and was watching Grierson's antics with obvious bewilderment.

"If I can be of any assistance," he said in French, "pray command me!"

With many humorists Grierson has an almost morbid horror of ridicule, and I could see that his explanation, necessarily somewhat involved, was a painful process. It was especially awkward, too, that M. Barbaud turned out to be week-ending at Churchover, and that, being mounted, he had naturally a considerable start of us with the luncheon party. But, as Grierson even then pointed out, we didn't see him laugh.

I fancy the children were a little disappointed at the tameness of the *dénouement*. Grierson's sudden collapse into English had prepared them for better things.

"Picture-comics," explained the theorist with

the perambulator, as we moved off, "and rotten bad. 'Tisn't worth fol-lerin' of 'em; they won't do it again."

And he was right.

## BABIES' EYES.

'Tis fairies make the colours that beam in babies' eyes;  
They steal the soft, blue wing-dust from sleeping butterflies,  
To mix with azure essence of speedwell, violet,  
And that small lovers' blossom that bids them not forget.

From mists that veil the meadows or drift up from the bay  
They draw the opal shadows for dreamy eyes of grey;  
They press rich browns from hazel and leaves to russet grown,  
And green of four-leaved clover for bantlings like their own.



MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW AND THE PEOPLE.

"WOT D'Y FINK O' THIS 'ERE G.B.S.?"

"NEVER TRIED IT; I SMOKE V.B.D."

*s'il vous plaît? Nous avons perdu notre chemin!*"

Naturally the children had halted, and now stood regarding Grierson with round-eyed amazement. The elders seemed to hesitate between derision and alarm, but said nothing. The baby began to howl.

"Comme j'ai vous dit," said Grierson in a triumphant aside to me. "*Petits imbéciles de Rosbif!*" Turning towards the children again he added, speaking very slowly and with elaborate emphasis, "*Nous ne parlons pas Anglais. C'est par ici le chemin à Churchover all, château de Milor Travers? Vous savez?*"

No answer. The tallest girl, finding Grierson's expressive glance upon her, giggled nervously.

"It's one of they German spoils, that's what it is," said the boy with the perambulator after a ruminative pause.

"Ah, non, non! Pas Allemand!"





Small Boy (returning to school, after feeling in his pockets). "I SAY, JONES, ONE OF THOSE WHITE RATS HAS ESCAPED."

### CUBBING.

THEY swarm through the gateway, they gallop with flicker of stern,

Twenty-two couple,  
So satiny-supple,  
To race through a woodland or crash in five acres of fern;  
And their voices are up in a terrible, whimpering mirth,  
That drifts through the cover most marvellous, wonderful sweet,

We hear 'em (Stand still, mare!) out here in the half-carried wheat,  
For they're out for the litter, the little red cubs that the vixen put down in our earth—

The poor little beggars  
They're new to it yet,  
And some of 'em's safe to  
Get chopped and be eat!

Hark to the music, they're singing as fine as you like.

Murder their trade is,  
Those galloping ladies,

Dairymaid that was, we walked her—Huic! Dairymaid, huic!—

'Tain't discipline talking to hounds when they're hunting,  
but no one's to hear,

And we're proud of our Dairymaid—watch her—the best-looking hound in the pack,

And it's summer and six in the morning, and discipline's slack,

And the mare, she's above herself too, and no wonder—the first time we've seen hounds this year!

For life's right as ninepence,  
The world's free o' rubs  
Of a cool, cubbing morning  
If 'twern't for the cubs!

### ON HER BIRTHDAY.

WHEN in the blush of maidenhood  
Your natal day comes round once more,  
And all you know of Life seems good,  
Upon the threshold of its door;  
When, crowned with joy and laughter-clad  
The day with radiant hope is lit,  
We join to wish you many glad  
Returns of it!

If in the yellow leaf and sere  
Your anniversary be passed  
In tranquil peace, though touched with fear  
Lest it should prove to be the last;  
At such a time, rejoiced to see  
Another cycle filched from Fate,  
Why then, of course, we usually  
Congratulate!

But in the vague uncertain clime  
Environing the middle age,  
When, pitiless, the hand of Time  
Turns grimly down another page;  
Some message for the doubtful day  
We fain would send, ere it be done;  
Alas! we know not what to say  
To Forty-one!

"Mr. H. Pike Pease, M.P., who also spoke, asserted that a great many Liberal members now voted Liberal because they had been elected members of that party."—*Liverpool Express*.  
Traitors!

"Word has been received of the appointment of Mr. Neil H. Lawder as British Consul at Bluefields. His Majesty and Mr. Lawder are both to be congratulated in the selection."—*America*.  
HIS MAJESTY breathes again.

## AT THE PLAY.

## "THE GREAT JOHN GANTON."

IF the manners of the Golf Club where the recent American Championship took place were anything like the exhibition given at the "Chicago Golf Club" in the Aldwych play, I can well understand how one of our British representatives was beaten and the other broke down. I myself was almost tempted to retire, so loudly did the members discuss matters that are never vented in a decent club, so strangely did they behave in the presence of ladies, so familiarly was the waiter addressed. Indeed, on all its social side the play was distinguished by an astonishing crudity.

But this feature was only an incidental adjunct to the main scheme of



A SUBTLE DISTINCTION.

Mr. FAWCETT (*John Ganton*). "I've built up this business by taking my coat off."

Mr. MATURIN (*Will Ganton*). "I mean to work in my own way, father. I shall do it with my coat on, but my waistcoat off."

the author, Mr. HARTLY J. MANNERS, which was to present a picture of the business methods of a typical Chicago pork-packer, American finance being just now a theatrical vogue. And in Mr. GEORGE FAWCETT he had the ideal thing. Mr. FAWCETT can do whatever he likes with his perfect gift of a face. He can fold his eyes or his lips into all sorts of creases. His manner is best adapted for coping with tough business propositions, but he had his moments of sentiment. Even in a tragic situation I think he could always be saved from excessive mouthing by his pleasant capacity for saying things with his lips shut.

It is a pity that he was not supported by an entirely American cast, for the

"English accent" and bearing of the majority lent an air of improbability to the picture. Indeed Mr. FAWCETT had to carry the whole play on his one pair of stooping shoulders. Mr. ERIC MATURIN, even allowing for his alleged Harvard training, never began to be credible as the son of such a father. He was hopelessly British to the bone. The slouching angularity which is characteristic of his methods and served him well enough as a casual philanderer in *Love—and what then?* here gave a strong note of insincerity both to his serious love-making and to the lofty professions which the author attributed to him.

Miss LAURA COWIE was the very pretty girl of his choice—gentle when gentleness was asked of her, but a veritable tigress in her attack upon the iniquities of the great *John Ganton*. I should have liked to see her in a burlesque of her own part, for she has a very nice gift of humour for which there was no opening here, all the good things being closely reserved for Mr. FAWCETT. Miss COWIE is new to modern drama, and I think her training in the Shakspearean school has made her enunciation perhaps a little too conscientious for this style of thing.

Miss MABEL TREVOR, who played the part of a flighty wife, deserved something better than the raw stuff she was given for dialogue. Of the rest I can find nothing very kind to say, though Mr. EARLE BROWNE may perhaps have ranted more successfully behind the scenes, where a lot of cryptic business went on in connection with a strike, of which the issue was never confided to us.

I wish I could believe more heartily in the author's honesty of motive. He was constantly declaiming against graft and other discreditable devices of American commerce, but, when the arch-offender, *John Ganton*, finding his end near (for the horse-medicine he got from a vet. had done him no good), became reconciled to his son, and bequeathed his business to him, with the earnest recommendation that he should conduct it on the old detestable lines, everybody, including the reformers, seemed perfectly content. And, while Mr. MANNERS professed to be shocked at the brutality shown by the employer to his workmen, he could not resist the vulgar temptation to throw a lot of cheap ridicule on the parson who was concerned to improve their condition.

If Mr. MANNERS' play is to be a success (which I gravely doubt, for the audience was very sparse when I attended, and much of the commercial jargon must have been over its heads) it will be due to Mr. FAWCETT's domin-

ating personality. "Manners" as a rule, "makyth Man," but here the Man would be the making of MANNERS.

O. S.

## "A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY."

There is an artless innocence about the theatrical profession which is really quite lovable. Mr. H. V. ESMOND's so-called comedy might have annoyed us if he had been an author-playwright, but because he is an actor-playwright we all found his ingenuousness rather touching. "The dear to think this funny!" we said; and "How sweet of him not to know that screens and asides are out of date!" For it is rather pretty and pathetic that an



Mr. CHARLES MAUDE (*Gerald*). "Why can't you hide me in the bathroom, or even under the bed?"

Mr. LOWNE (*Lord Porth*). "You young idiot, this is a comedy. How could you ever be discovered in the hiding-places you mention?"

actor should believe so frankly in the old order of theatrical situation, should still think that a box of effective stage tricks may pass as a comedy.

Readers of *Kipps* will remember how and why that great dramatist, *Harry Chitterlow*, introduced a beetle into his masterpiece. There is a beetle at *The Criterion*, really a funny beetle, and it is quite possible that Mr. ESMOND built up his play around it. For the beetle was in the bathroom, and the bathroom demanded a bedroom, and the bedroom gave us Mr. CHARLES MAUDE in pyjamas and tousled hair, and looking very ill after a late night, hiding behind a screen; all the fat of the First Act springing from a single

beetle. But when the Second Act gave us another screen in a flower-shop, I am afraid I began to think that the naïve note was being forced even beyond Mr. ESMOND's strength.

If you realise at once that "A Young Man's Fancy" is only called a comedy because it is a musical comedy without the music, you will pass an entertaining evening; for Mr. C. M. LOWNE and Mr. CHARLES MAUDE and Miss ENID BELL are attractive people, and Miss LOTTIE VENNE is her own incomparable self. In the Third Act, particularly, Miss VENNE is superb, and her adorers should go at once to see her. M.

### THE BINDWEED.

THE last blade of my wife's penknife—but, anyhow, her birthday comes next week—went with a snap in my hand, and the pail beside me was about full of little white wriggly things, like spaghetti that want dusting; and I had cleared at least a square yard of our lawn. So I stopped to report progress and lit a fresh pipe. Then I sat down to work it out. It came out like this:—

Dimension of lawn, say, 30×20 yds.  
= 600 sq. yds.

(It isn't really quite so much, but there's the bit that goes down cross-wise beyond the gooseberry beds that I can't be bothered to measure.)

Time occupied in clearing 1 sq. yd.  
= 2 hrs. 20 min.

Approximate cost (1 penknife 2s. 6d., damage to trouser-knees 3s.), 5s. 6d.

∴ Time to be occupied in clearing whole lawn (in hours) =  $2\frac{1}{2} \times 600 = 1400$  days of 8 hours = 175 days.

Cost of clearing lawn (in shillings) =  $5\frac{1}{2} \times 600 = 3300 = £165$ .

I am a patient man, but I have to earn my living. I decided to consult a gardening book.

It said as follows:—

**BINDWEED** (*Convolvulus*): This is one of the most noxious and troublesome growths that can infest a garden—(Hear, hear! but I should have put it more strongly)—"Half-measures are no use; the weed must be eradicated at all costs." (£165 in my case.) "Every vestige of its roots must be eliminated from the soil and burnt, as once it has begun to spread it is exceedingly hardy."

I flung the book down and returned to the garden. Over the wall I could hear my neighbour's gardener panting over the geraniums. I stood on the cucumber-frame (avoiding the glass as much as possible) and shouted to him.

"Hi! I say, can you by any chance tell me the best thing to do with bindweed?"

He looked up from his work and stepped on some calceolaria.



Captain. "SUPPOSING THE BARRACKS WERE TO CATCH FIRE, WHAT CALL WOULD YOU SOUND?"  
Trumpeter (newly joined). "SURE, SORR, I'D SOUND 'THE CEASE FIRE.'"

"Dig't oop an' burn't," he said.

"It's all over my lawn, you see," I explained.

"Dessay 'tis," he responded.

"Well, if I were to dig the whole confounded place up, should I be rid of it, do you suppose?"

"Pends how deep you went."

"About how deep ought one to go?"

"Can't say, Sir; might be a matter o' three or four feet. And then you can't tell your luck."

"Well, it's killing all the grass."

"Ah, 'twould." With that he resumed his panting and I retired.

There is only one thing to be done. It is useless to go against nature, so I shall set the fashion in bindweed lawns. The only difficulty is that at present there is no popular game that requires to be played on a bindweed wicket. However, if you read something like

this in *The Daily Mail* next Spring, you will know what it means:—

"TWYNE-TOZE"

SOCIETY'S LATEST CRAZE

INVENTION OF A SUBURBAN RESIDENT.

A game that is likely to become the rage in the highest circles during the forthcoming season (writes a correspondent) has lately been introduced by a well-known gentleman, and is already the talk of all the West-End Clubs. It is played on a lawn specially prepared with ground convolvulus (according to some authorities, the asphodel of the ancients), and is calculated to produce unlimited merriment. The players (who may be of any number and either sex) are blindfolded, and go barefoot . . .

This is as far as I have got at present, but anyone is at liberty to take up the idea and develop it.



## OUR COLONIES.

NOTE.—Owing to the amazing difference which the average Briton displays concerning our possessions beyond the seas, we publish the following essays in the hope of quickening his interest and convincing him that truth is stranger than the fiction which is so lavishly supplied by the Colonial author.

## I.—SOUTH AFRICA.

South Africa (or Zuid Afrika, as it is termed by the People Who Really Matter) is situated in the lower half of the Dark Continent. You could drop the whole of England in several corners of it, and the chances are that she would be floated as a Gold Mining Proposition one of these days, and there would be considerable difficulty in raising the authorised capital.

The inhabitants of South Africa (or Zuid Afrika) are divided into two distinct classes—Dutch and Jews, and the former are inclined to look down on the latter in the most offensive manner. To the hardy, simple-minded farmer, the Jew is of no consequence, except to keep that hot-bed of iniquity, Johannesburg, flourishing; also to manage the gold mines, and pay the taxes, and support charitable institutions, and keep the country going, and pay the salaries of the Ministers, and establish Land Banks, and buy his farm when he has no further use for it, and a few unimportant matters like that. The hardy, simple-minded farmer does not care for the rush of modern civilisation, but prefers to sit on the stoep of his house, smoking a large calabash pipe and drinking coffee made from burnt meal and chicory. Hustling is repugnant to him, and he holds that it is wicked to interfere with the decrees of Providence in any way, if such interference necessitates any work on his own part.

The most important industries in South Africa (or Zuid Afrika) are connected with mining. It will come as a shock to British investors to learn that most of the revenue of South Africa (or Zuid Afrika) is derived from the gold mines in the Transvaal; but such is the case. Johannesburg is the centre of the gold-mining industry, yet it doesn't seem a bit ashamed of itself. It is a very large and very dusty town, and is principally inhabited by people who are trying to escape from it. Every month something like £1,236,745 worth of gold is worked out of the mines round Johannesburg, but it is not all profit. £1,000,000 may be described as working costs; £236,000 goes to the Government in one way or another; £700 is transferred to the reserve, and

the odd £45 is available for distribution among European shareholders.

The favourite recreations of the country are shooting, cricket and company-promoting. There are lots of things to shoot, though, if you shot the things that deserved it most, you would probably be hanged. The correct way to go shooting is to hire an ox-wagon, several natives, some guides, many dogs and a tent, and then buy some licences. With a little care you can procure quite a lot of licences for a paltry £100 or so. Thus equipped, you trek off towards the distant horizon, and keep on till you are out of sight of town. In a week or two you may come back and write a book about it.

Company-promoting combines all the pleasures and excitements of the chase with a prospect of substantial profit. It is very popular in and near Johannesburg, but, owing to the diffidence of the European investor, is not the game it used to be.

South Africa (or Zuid Afrika) is cursed with many plagues, the best known of which are the locust, the mealie grub, scab in sheep and the bi-lingual problem. The locust is being scientifically exterminated by means of arsenic; the mealie grub is made unhappy by a diet of strychnine; scab in sheep is under discussion in the local parliament; but the bi-lingual problem is allowed to flourish unchecked.

South Africa (or Zuid Afrika) is popularly supposed to have been discovered by a gentleman named VAN RIEBEEK in the seventeenth century. Great Britain began to discover it during the Boer War. When the discovery was complete, the country was handed back to the original inhabitants with as little delay as possible. And no wonder.

## THE COMPACT.

"PATHOS?" he said. "I'll tell you something pathetic. When I was at Bart's I had a great friend, another student, named Lewin. That was, let me see, more than forty years ago. We were both devoted to music; I played the violin, he the 'cello; and we spent a great deal of time at the opera. When we were through I stayed on for a while as H. P., and Lewin went on a P. & O. boat as ship's doctor, and taking a fancy to the East remained out there. Well, when we parted on the night before he sailed, we made an undertaking that whenever we next met, and at all our future meetings, each of us would greet the other by whistling the opening notes of BEETHOVEN'S eighth symphony. You know how it goes——" and he whistled it.

"Well," he continued, "when we made that promise we expected to meet often, for he had then no notion of settling in Japan. But settle he did, and he came back to England for the first time only last week. I had heard from him now and then, and a brief letter came the other day announcing his arrival and asking me to dine with him at his hotel. 'Come up to my room,' he added. So I went. He was on the top floor, and as I approached his room a chambermaid came along and told me he was there and the door had been left open for me. Just as I put my hand to the knob I recollected our old agreement and, standing on the door-mat, I began to whistle. Funny I should have forgotten it till I was so near him; but I had.

He made no response, but, hearing him moving about inside, I repeated it louder. Again he did not respond; so I pushed the door open and marched in in full blast, like a drum and fife band. He ran to grasp my hand, shook it warmly and thrust me into a chair. 'But why didn't you whistle too?' I asked him. He looked at me blankly for a moment and then fetched an ear-trumpet from the table. He had become almost totally deaf."

## A RAGING REMEDY.

["Health to a large extent depends upon self-expression."—*Daily Paper*.]

MARY, when the poet  
Lets his temper rise  
And proceeds to show it  
Stripped of all disguise,  
Curb your indignation,  
Fret not nor complain  
Finding his oration  
Pungently profane.

Rather, on perceiving  
He's inclined to fume,  
Lose no time in leaving  
Tactfully the room;  
Let him voice the many  
Things he'd like to state,  
Undeterred by any  
Need to expurgate.

Bravely bear this burden  
Till he shall attain  
Self-expression's guerdon,  
Health immune from pain,  
Then he'll bear you witness,  
Roundly he'll declare  
That he owes his fitness  
To your wifely care.

## Militarism.

"The Bulgarian soldier is one of the first things that strike you in Sofia."—*Daily Mail*.  
Then we shan't go.



First Tramp. "LOOK AT THAT LAZY YOUNG BEGGAR, WASTIN' HIS EMPLOYER'S TIME."

Second Tramp. "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT; HE'S KEEPIN' A PLACE FOR ME TO-NIGHT."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE seems to be something in the air of the United States which infects everyone, natives and visitors alike, with the scribbling-itch. The only Americans who are not writing plays are those who are writing historical novels; and the only Englishmen who have never written their impressions of America are those who have never been there. All these impressions fall into two classes—the bright, where you devote a chapter to a description of how they brought you ice-water at your hotel instead of cleaning your boots; and the solid, where you put your head on one side with a thoughtful frown, and say, "What is the future of this great country?" Mr. J. NELSON FRASER'S *America, Old and New* (OUSELEY) belongs to the second class, and, if it tends to a certain heaviness in parts, has, at any rate, the merit that the author's attitude towards the country is not that of a visitor to a freak-show. I have read very few books on America by English authors so free from prejudice. Mr. FRASER was six months in the States, and he seems to have "done" them with the furious energy of the American tourist in England, who takes in Westminster Abbey in the morning, Stratford-on-Avon in the afternoon, and catches the night boat to Calais after dining at the Cheshire Cheese. There is something positively snipe-like in the way in which he dodges from San Francisco to New York and from New York to Virginia. I am bound to admit, however, that hurry did not impair his powers of observation. The book is packed with interesting facts, some the ordinary stereo of American travel, others fresher and less obvious. Occasionally the sobriety of it is lightened by a mild jest, as, for instance, "The American policeman considers his fellow-subjects as 'clubbable' persons in quite another light from that intended by Dr. Johnson;" but for the most part Mr. FRASER

is very much in earnest. As the result of a brief visit, the book is something of a feat; but I am not yet satisfied that I have been told all there is to tell of the United States. After all, America is quite a sizeable little place, and a man might stay in it longer than six months without exhausting its points of interest.

Admirers of the precocious and exuberant talent of the authoress of *The Viper of Milan* will find in *The Rake's Progress* (RIDER) much for their delectation in an eighteenth-century setting of spinets and sconces, masks and patches, dice and duels. My lord *Lyndwood*, rake, gambler and son of a gambler, is all but in the clutches of the bailiffs, when *Marius*, his younger brother, returns from abroad, having fallen sadly in love with an unknown fair. In order to save his house and the romance and career of his brother, the Earl sells himself to a rich merchant for the fat bribe which goes with that gross worthy's daughter. When the new Countess proves no other than *Marius*'s charmer, you may expect complications, which you duly get. The heartless *Lyndwood* has two other charming ladies honourably and romantically in love with him, but contrives to be as great a spendthrift of the finer things of life as of the shekels of his tradesman father-in-law. It is a vigorous, twopenny-coloured portrait of the insolent, "rake-helly" aristocrat of the times, who is fittingly pinked in a casual brawl, and taken to his house, which the brokers promptly enter, and, by a charming custom of the day, contrive to make a little by charging admission to see the body. Miss BOWEN has a genuine power of visualising things, first for herself, and then for her readers. If she sees a little too much, the "heart-shaped flame of a candle," for instance; or if her puppets "press handkerchiefs" to mouth or "moisten lips" a little too frequently, you get incident and an atmosphere which are plausible enough, and can contrive to pass a

little time quite pleasantly. And what more do you want?

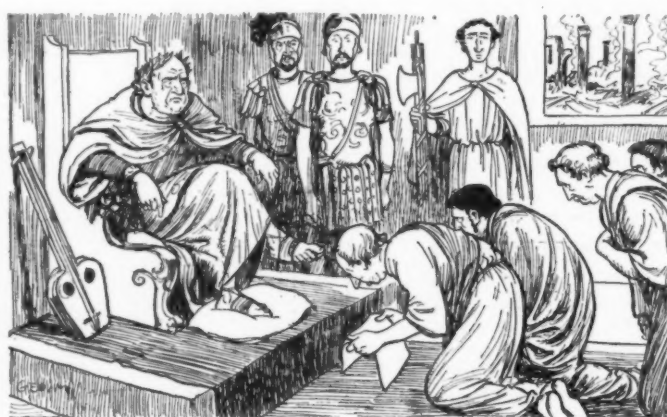
My compliments and thanks to Mr. GRANT RICHARDS, publisher and author. His *Caviare* may not be meant to tickle the palate of the million; but as for me I made one meal of it, and finished it in bed at four o'clock in the morning. For a few cheerful hours it made me forget that I was living in England in the month of September, 1912. Instead of slopping about in the wet, I was dining and supping and walking the streets of Paris with the Honourable (and Amiable) *Charles Caerleon* absorbing into my being a whole paletteful of the local colours of the gay city, while *Charles* was beginning to court sweet *Alison Gorham*, and trying to save her Poppa from being kidnapped by a rival American financier; or I was sunning myself in Monte Carlo or New York, watching him win five thousand pounds at the tables and five million dollars in Wall Street—and believing that he did it. If you think of all the stories you have read of fortunes won at roulette or on the Stock Exchange you will see that I mean a good deal by putting that last remark in italics. The thrill of these gambling chapters, and the charm of *Alison*, and the cool and adroit assurance of the *faineant* young Englishman who wins her for his bride as the result of his Monte Carlo and Wall Street adventures, make *Caviare* a delightfully entertaining novel. Million or no million, I expect that in about six months' time Mr. GRANT RICHARDS the publisher will find that he has to pay Mr. GRANT RICHARDS the author an uncommonly fat little cheque on account of royalties.

Miss DOROTHEA CONYERS really must get out of the lost-will habit. *Sally* (METHUEN) had taken us to the real Ireland and was giving us the most delightful runs with as odd and sporting a pack of foxhounds and others as I ever wish to meet, and all was merry and bright, natural and exhilarating. Then the authoress got thinking that we were not being sufficiently excited, that we wanted (Heaven help us!) a melodramatic interest. Out she came with her irritating *Mrs. Studdert*, the snob in wrongful possession, her even more irritating *Donough Clanchy*, the saintly youth and ousted heir, and her deadly "If only we could find that will!" For myself I made short work of the tiresome testament. Turning at once to the end, I satisfied myself that it was, as I knew it must be, eventually found, that *Mrs. Studdert* was evicted and *Donough* installed, and then I read the rest of the book at my leisure, skipping a page or two every time a reference to the will caught my eye. And so I enjoyed it extremely, for, as well as the sporting element and native brogue, there were "the subsequent complications which ensued between *Sally* and her various lovers" (see cover), which, however simple and artless, were lifelike and highly diverting.

This is not Miss CONYERS' first offence with the worst type of legal fiction, but I hope it will be her last. I would infinitely prefer to be able to read her next book straight through, without omissions, as anyone would gladly do, if she would confine herself to her own happy experiences or imagination in Ireland and the hunting field. Let me remind her, then, that there is a book called *Jarman on Wills* which has run into many editions and thoroughly exhausted that subject . . . *verb. sap. sat.*

I don't think Mr. PETT RIDGE has ever come into his kingdom; certainly in my own mind I have not done him justice. But after reading *Love at Paddington* (NELSON) and *Devoted Sparkes* (METHUEN) I shall not protest if any enthusiastic Englishman acclaims him as our greatest living humourist. I do not call him that myself, because I do not believe in the existence of such a person, any more than I believe in the existence of a "best dressed woman in London." But I am prepared to take a Solemn Covenant to the effect that Mr. PETT RIDGE has in a high degree all

the qualities of the real humourist—the wit and the humanity, the understanding and the sympathy. *Devoted Sparkes* is a long story of life below stairs; *Love at Paddington* a short story of the middle-classes. As novels they are not faultless, but they overflow with humour. I give two examples from the first book. "Miss G., ever an enthusiast where town was concerned, hinted at interesting corners with memories concerned either with history or notable characters in fiction, and, although the visitor did not seem to have read



BUSINESS ENTERPRISE IN THE PAST.

VI.—A DEPUTATION OF FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES WAITING ON NERO WITH A PROTEST.

widely, he was able, by wariness, to express much by nods, words of assent, and, as some reference escaped Miss G. for the moment, intimating, when she secured it, that the information had arrived to him at exactly the same moment." And this, of SHAKESPEARE: "'A man I never could stand,' remarked Cook, 'so far as his writings are concerned. Rude, I call him.'" To all who love true humour I recommend *Devoted Sparkes*. Funny, I call it.

#### TO A MERCENARY POET.

If you can find each week some striking phrase  
To advertise with piquancy and wit  
The shape hygienic and the faultless fit  
And virtues rare of someone's brand of stays,  
Then, though your brow may not be wreathed with bays  
And you may never on high Parnassus sit,  
Yet you shall earn a tidy little bit  
To sweeten toil and ease laborious days.  
Cease, then, to beauty's charms to write vain odes  
Too finely fashioned for the sordid mart.  
And, while your song s'ill lingers round her heart,  
Let it acclaim the scientific modes  
Of corsets which, while giving youthful curves,  
Expand the lungs and brace the cardiac nerves.